

STUDENT REVIEW

Over 1.5 Million Served • January 20, 1993



CAMPUS LIFE

How to get
thrown out of
the HFAC

p. 4

RELIGION

Racism &
the church

p. 8

ISSUES & OPINION

Malcolm &
Martin

p. 6

ARTS & LEISURE

Sundance
Film

P. 3

NOISE

Oomalama

p. 10

SPORTS

Elder Hartman,
Elder Hartman

p. 9

NOW OPEN!
A FRESH ALTERNATIVE TO THE COUGAREAT



- Specializing in -
Fresh Bagels ~ Muffins
Soup ~ Deli Sandwiches
Mama's Homemade Pies
& LIVE ACOUSTIC MUSIC

thursday
JOHNNY ROWAN

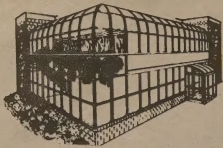
friday
scp recording artist
KIM SIMPSON

saturday
provo's "jimmy buffett"
LLOYD WILBERT

840 N. 700 E. PROVO

mon. - thurs. 7:30am - 12am
fri. & sat. until 2am
for info call 373-1525

THE ATRIUM



RESTAURANT

**Welcome Back
Student
Special**

Weekday Special
2 FOR 1 Lunch
or Dinner Entree
Value up to \$8.00

Not Valid Fri & Sat after 5:00 p.m.
Not valid with any other offer or special.
Expires 2/28/93

- Non-Alcoholic Bar
- Open Late Night
- Big Screen T.V.
- Close to Campus

STUDENT REVIEW



Year VII • Issue XIV

Publisher:
Brenton Chu

Editors:
Rachel Poulsen
Bryan Waterman

Managing Editor:
Yvette Livingood

Managing Editor Emeritus:
Paul Rawlins

Copy Editors:
Juli King • Cate Moss • that
old Daily Universe guy •
Liesel Boundy • Cheryl
Lamar • Michelle Paradise •
Becky Beacom • Rich
Valentine

Campus Life Editor:
Seth Sam Cannon

Religion Editor:
J. Scott Craig

Sports Editors:
Greg Schell •
Mike Sponseller

Arts & Leisure Editors:
Joanna Brooks • Dave Seiter

Issues & Opinions Editor:
Russell Arbon Fox

**Assistant Issues & Opinion
Editor:**
Jonathon Green

Noise Editor:
Just Sean Zeibarth

Calendar Editor:
Rebecca Butler

Art Director:
Scott R. Fullen

Assistant Art Director:
Jason Fullen

Art Staff:
Joe Christensen • Stephen
Fairbanks • Doug
Willoughby • Ben Shiply •
Charles Stubbs • Kent Chou

Design Director:
Kristen Sheppert

Design Staff:
John Bowman • John
Crawford • Jeremy Webb •
Rebecca Butler

Ad Director:
Wayne B. Garff

Ad Staff:
Gregory Davis • Joanna
Brooks • Lance Anderson •
Kris Kirry • Jason
Williamson

Subscriptions:
Heather Stratford

Accounts:
Jayd McPherson

NY Correspondent:
J. Farrell Lines

Gaffer:
Steve Gibson

Key Grip:
Eric Christensen

Best Boy:
BJ Fogg

Cover:
Chuck Stubbs

**Send Submissions, letters
to the editors, and sub-
scription requests (\$15 a
year) to Student Review,
P.O. Box 7092, Provo UT
84602 or call us at 377-
2980.**

**Opinions Expressed in the
Student Review are those
of the authors, and do not
necessarily reflect those of
BYU, UVCC, SR, or the
Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-day Saints**

FROM THE EDITORS

In 1986, when *Student Review* first hit the stands in Provo, I was still a junior in high school, telling everyone who asked that for no reason would I ever attend BYU. Two years later I was in Q-411 DT, wondering how I had come to be there. My only exposure to the *Review* that first year was a group of SR staffers distributing illegally at the intersection between Heritage Halls and the HFAC. I took the paper they offered me, then watched with a mixture of glee and horror as the University Police showed up and asked them to leave. Something about that blatant disregard for authority made me tingle to my left-leaning, U2-worshipping core. Destiny was calling.

Well, that was all a little too romantic, and five years later I realize that there's much more to the *Review* than sneaking copies on campus or whining about the status quo. The *Review* was started by people who saw the need for a regular forum for student writing—one not available to them at BYU. And apparently the need was real; *Student Review* and its parent corporation, the Foundation for Student Thought, have survived seven and a half years of stolen stands, nasty phone calls, poor weather, and self-righteous groundscrew savors; we're rumored to be the longest running independent student paper still in print.

And it's your paper. Whoever you are, holding this paper in your hand, you are the one who determines what we print. You decide what *Student Review* will be, either by what you send us or what you don't, either by joining our staff or letting someone else fill the space that could be yours. So pick up the phone, dial the number printed somewhere on this page, and find out how you can become part of *Student Review*. We're not just another youth program.

Bryan Waterman
Bryan Waterman

Bryan and I both came into our new jobs on the *Review* with reputations. Rumors flew that he would turn the paper into a "Junior Sunstone," and that I would create Provo's version of *The Village Voice*. Like most rumors, these contained a grain of truth and little more. We earned our reputations because we're dedicated to academic, spiritual, and social inquiry. We're not afraid to talk about issues that are on people's minds. This is an attitude I learned in large part from reading the *Student Review*, and is one I try to continue in its pages as a writer and editor.

Anyway, the *Review* has a life of its own—one determined by its writers, and one that will thrive long after we've graduated and left Provo (we expect to someday). We could never "turn it into" anything. An editor's responsibility is to make sure nobody messes up—and if they do, the editor takes the heat. Other than that, we buy doughnuts. And stay up nights thinking of ways to make the *Review* more incisive, more relevant, and most of all, more fun to read.

This is the first time the *Review* has had two Editors-in-Chief, and so much of this semester will be an experiment in decision-making and compromise for us. Although Bryan and I can disagree, we're equally devoted to keeping an open forum for student writing.

"Open forum" is one of those terms that you hear a lot lately, perhaps so often that its real meaning gets skewed. You don't have to have voted for Clinton to write for *Student Review*. An "open forum" calls for a variety of perspectives and a broad range of opinions, tempered with tolerance, to sustain discussion. Well-written articles on any topic, representing any point of view, are welcome, as long as they meet *Review* standards of fairness and sensitivity to others.

In addition to what you're used to seeing in the *Review*, articles this semester will include reprints from past years' issues, as well as relevant articles from other publications. As always, however, our most important contributors are our readers. Come to staff meetings, write what's on your mind and leave it in the *Review* drop box in 1102 JKHB, or send letters to P.O. Box 7092, University Station, 84602. We look forward to hearing from you.

Rachel Poulsen
Rachel Poulsen

STAFF NOTES

• Staffpeople of the week are Brian Garff, Joanna Brooks, and the rest of the ad rep family. Without their contributions the *Review* would cease to exist. (Which reminds us to put in a plug for *Review* advertisers—be nice to them and give them your money!)

• Thanks to Russell Fox for cleaning the *Review* offices nearly singlehandedly over Christmas break. You can see the floor now. Thanks for the new light bulbs, too (and we thought the place needed rewiring).

• We are still looking for people to fill the following positions this semester: Distribution director (someone with a truck to pick up the paper from the press each week and make sure the rest of us get it on the stands); Art staff (as well as people who have something they think would make a neat cover); and someone to be in charge of service projects and infamous SR parties (make up your own title and we'll put you in the staff box).

Answer to Where's Rex from
p. 11: Rex is in his vip box,
not shown in picture.

Sundance film festival '93

by Dave Seiter

the low-down:

When? January 21-31
Where? Park City (and SLC)
How Much? \$6 - \$15 (individual ticket prices)
More Info? 322-1700

editor's picks:

Rift - Drama
Road Scholar - Documentary
Shorts Program III
Autumn Moon - Regional Premiere

One of the most vital cultural events in Utah, the Sundance Film Festival's ten days of rich cinematic experience are fast approaching. The Sundance Film Festival is internationally recognized as the most important showcase for American independent cinema and has become a significant industry event. Past festivals have served as scouting events for filmmakers and industry executives looking for new talent and inspiration for their own work. The festival also provides an excellent opportunity for movie buffs with discerning tastes and an appreciation for less-commercial work to view something different than the standard multiplex, front-row Joe fare.

The festival is organized and presented by the Sundance Institute, a non-profit arts organization founded in 1981 by Robert Redford. The Sundance Institute is heavily involved throughout the year in providing programs for emerging and established filmmakers to develop and exhibit new work.

Independent production companies produce a number of quality films each year—most of which are not well-known or easily accessible to the public. Such films are not limited by the worn-out formulas and clichés the major

studios employ in order to have the broadest-based appeal possible (is anybody else getting annoyed with *Home Alone II*?). The result is refreshing. Due to the wide variety of independent films, it is very difficult to describe their flavor. But the difference is similar to that between Dairy Queen and Ben & Jerry's.

Independent films are vital and original. Often unconventional and even revolutionary, these films can explore uncharted themes and present new perspectives on humanity.

Although the centerpiece of the festival will be the competition to select the best independent documentary and dramatic films of the year, Sundance will also present world, national and regional premieres. European, Hong Kong, and Pan American independents will also be featured, as well as tributes to Denzel Washington, Philip Kaufman, and Christian Blackwood. In addition, there will be panel discussions on various aspects of filmmaking which are geared primarily toward the professional. Of particular interest to the BYU community will be the showing of our own Steve Olpin's *The Potter's Meal*, which has won several awards across the country.

Most films will be preceded by "Film Shorts," a fairly recent genre serving as cinema's counterpart to the literary genre of sudden fiction. These are complete films ranging from 3 to 30 minutes in length. In fact, several showings will consist of a collage of four to seven of these "shorts"—including one especially for kids.

Tickets are available at the Sundance General Store, as well as various locations in Salt Lake and Park City. The majority of the screenings will be at various movie houses in Park City and cost \$6.00. There will also be a few showings in Salt Lake. Booklets with show times, reviews of each film, and other

see "sundance" p. 11

Might As Well

by E. Visick

We're in Las Vegas, just for a few hours. It's January and a Saturday, and we were bored; it would be worth a laugh. People watching. A crazy idea, driving six hours to Vegas just for the hell of it.

We found it hard. The women in black stretch pants and white heels, the tigers in a glass cage. We tried. A drunk woman cries on the blue sleeve of a man with a silver hoop earring. He eats a handful of peanuts and gives her a handkerchief to wipe away her mascara. It's satin, and doesn't absorb well.

The dealer's face at our last casino is completely void. I've never seen a face that empty. "He has to wear that costume every day," John says. "He has to look like a damn jester." I have to pull John away from the table. I'd rather be leered or glared at. Less unnerving.

We go outside and start walking the mile or so back to the car. It's past sundown.

Three children run past us, shouting musically. John says, "tell me one good thing about this place."

A man in the parking lot of the Hilton steps up and yells, "Whore. You whore." I don't look at him. He does it again to whoever is behind us.

"The sidewalks are wide," I say.

"What's so great about sidewalks?" John's expression is softened by his smooth cheekbones and nose. His eyes are a clear gold-brown, too warm to offend me. I'd like to bathe in something that color.

We pass by a souvenir shop with a sign that says, "DEALER'S VISORS \$99. MUGS T-SHIRTS GIANT BEER." There is a wooden Elvis at the front gate. John embraces it. "So lifelike," he says. I watch him until he lets go. He says my face losing its color, and I can't talk anymore. At the hotel, a gang of men surround a red Toyota Corolla. John says they have guns, and I imagine he's right.

Our car feels like a capsule, like a Tomorrowland car. I keep my arms and legs inside the car at all times to avoid injury. We leave.

Half an hour later, I look back at the glow from the city. You might think it was a sunrise if you didn't know better.

"They say Las Vegas is a lovely place," I say.

John puts the Grateful Dead in the tape deck. *Blues for Allah*.

I say, "Maybe we just went the wrong places."

He says, "You can sleep." He feels behind the seat and pulls up a blanket. I lean my seat back. He throws the blanket over me, tries to adjust it with his right hand, tucks it around my chin and shoulders.

I watch him from behind, the uneven shine of his curls. When he's too tired finally to drive even a minute more, he pulls over and I watch him sleep. I will sleep tomorrow, after he drops me home. ☺

Greyhound to Cleveland

Today I sat next to a woman with teeth like a Belge confectioner. She gnawed sliced carrots with her molars and open mouth. She asked too many questions.

I thought up a one syllable name and told her I was on leave, to visit my wife in Ohio. I showed her a picture of my nephew and said it was my year-old son.

Later she choked. Orange shrapnel in my hair, I handed her my cream soda. "God loves you boy," she said with carrots on her lips and chin, "You're gonna be a big man."

Russell Moorehead

English Department Writing Contests

Hart-Larson Poetry Contest
Elsie C. Carroll Informal Essay Contest
Ann Doty Fiction Contest

PRIZES

1st Place \$100 2nd Place \$75 3rd Place \$50
(Open to all English Majors and Minors and to all BYU students who have taken an English class in the academic year of the contest)

The Writers Contest

1st Place \$100
(Open to all qualified BYU students)
Rules available: English Dept. 3146 JKHB
Deadline: February 16, 1993

It's not too late to join *Student Review*. Meet us at the Maeser Bld. 6:00 on Tuesdays.

Student Review

The Greatest Burger on Earth Can Only Be Found Here.



401 W. 100 N. Provo • 374-9733

Single, Huge Order Fries, 20 oz. Drink
2.75 (Including Tax)

Includes Mustard, Onions, Pickles, Tomato, Cheese, and Tommy's Famous Chili.
Double Burger only 30 cents extra.

Expires 2/28/93

HFUN – The Mystery Unveiled

by Scott & Serge

In our never-ending quest to make life on campus more exciting [not to be confused with *Campus Life*, which is plenty exciting.—Ed.], we have recently delved into the depths of yet another campus hotspot—the Harris Fine Arts Center, or the HFAC—HFAC pronounced by those of us in the know by saying the letter H and then combining FAC into one word. (This is a documentary—spiced, of course, with our wit—so I don't want to hear any complaints about how we're not as funny as we used to be.)

The history of the HFAC is

some of the highlights that could make any boring weekday a day to write about in your journal.

One of the fundamental principles to enjoying yourself in the HFAC is realizing that most of the apparently impassable doors are left unlocked. Each should be faithfully tested in order not to miss out on any of the shrouded fun.

Start with the Dejong. This striking masterpiece of theatrical architecture can be scary, romantic or a place to practice your rappelling technique. One door is usually open and you can enjoy complete privacy or bring a crowd and have a party. Sit in any seat you want

to serenade your sweetheart or to play that damn Motley Crue song that every idiot in my ward seems to know on the piano. Or you can just stare into the occupied practice rooms and make the people in them nervous to have you looking on—big laffs, I promise.

The main floor (the third) and the walkways on the fourth and fifth floors are home to many works of art on display. You can critique student art, take a magical tour through the HFAC's ancient instrument display, or just gaze in awe as you wonder exactly why those birds are in the building anyway. Be sure to



shrouded in mystery. Our exclusive sources would only refer cryptically to Mr. Harris and categorically deny that any of the allegations were true. "Nothing was ever proven, and his Church membership remains intact," said one source, who chose to remain nameless. The turbulent and controversial past of this building notwithstanding, it is a veritable cornucopia of excitement for the dedicated explorer.

You may be asking yourself what can you do in the HFAC, besides go to boring performances of oboe players doing Jewish folk dances or look at controversial bird cages? Oh fools that you are, there is so much more!

Any floor can provide hours of wacky entertainment and fun, and to tell you of all the wacky entertaining fun times we had would be to rob you of the opportunity of discovering it yourself. Plus we want to keep a few secrets to ourselves. (But to the red-headed security guard: if you remember us, we blow you a kiss.) We will, however, present

Be sure to check the performance schedule or your plans could be foiled (if you're lucky, you could stumble upon a rehearsal for a performance that would normally cost you upwards of \$3).

If you've ever had dreams of becoming a world famous typesetter but didn't want to take all those boring classes, the HFAC is the place for you. In the B wing of the fourth floor at the end of the hall you will find all the type you could set in a week. Act casually, like you're supposed to be there, and feel free to use any of the facilities offered. Hey, you pay tuition, don't you?

If you're more the performance art type, go down to the second floor, where they have more instrument practice rooms than you can shake a stick at. If you time it right, you'll find that about half of the rooms are empty and unlocked, and pianos and organs are provided for your convenience. (We also saw a couple harp rooms, but couldn't figure out how to get in—let us know if you have better luck.) Take the opportu-

prepare by looking up some art terms in the library and using them loudly enough to impress anyone who walks by.

The HFAC is also the home of KBYU, and the studio on the second floor at the far end in the "tunnel" is a fascinating place. Visitors are in fact encouraged to come to the 6:30 live taping of the nightly news. Of course, this also means that the set is largely unsecured, and if you feel like running across the set of the live broadcast and screaming something along the lines of "BYU 74th ward rules!!!!," accompanied with the appropriate gestures, I don't see that it would be all that difficult. (Of course, it's not like anyone watches it anyway, so your friends would probably not see you.)

The first floor of the HFAC takes you deep into the recesses of the earth and can be a place of magical, mystical fun if you know where to look and don't fear three-headed beasts. Explore every recess of the dark shadowed hallways and

See "HFUN" p. 5

matthew
work
mans
3
7
6
8
wasted
characters



would you not agree that this is a fascinating column?

At the start of the new year, one can't help but take some time and think about the high points of the previous semester. You can't help it because, due to the length of the student ID line, the bookstore line, the Cougar eat line, and the line at the bathroom, you have lots of time to think.

Anyway, I was waiting in one of these endless lines figuring out what my favorite class was last semester, and the choice was quite clear: Philosophy 110. Several things made this class the heap o' fun it was. First, I had a great teacher (Travis Anderson, in case you're still signing up for classes). Second, I learned lots of cool names. If I ever have a son, I definitely want to name him Anaxamander. (Actually, I want to name my second son Anaxamander; my first son will be named "Slappy.") However, the best thing about my Philosophy class had to be my TA.

She was the perfect union of beauty and knowledge and caused me no small distraction during class. I would daydream my way through lectures and then sign up for extra help, if you get my drift. This resulted in a pretty good grade in the class, but I never got a date or anything like that.

I realize that many of you are thinking, "Matt, you spineless lump of Jell-O, why didn't you just ask her out?" Well, I'll tell you. First, I didn't want to violate the educational integrity of this school by creating a conflict of interest. Second, I am a spineless lump of Jell-O. Third, and perhaps most important, she had a boyfriend that, for all I knew, was three times my size and capable of separating me into small pieces within seconds.

If I had paid better attention in class, things might have been different. You see, all the ancient philosophers had this great talent for getting everyone they came in contact with to agree with everything they said. I read a dialogue in which Socrates was speaking to a young boy (Socrates rather liked young boys) named Theatetus. While Socrates would speak for pages at a time, Theatetus would say nothing but "Yes, Socrates." "I quite agree, Socrates." "How could it be otherwise, Socrates?" "It would be madness to think otherwise, Socrates." "I cannot but agree, Socrates." Socrates could have asked him something like "Would you not agree that the Republic of Ireland is located entirely in China?" Theatetus would have answered "Oh wise and noble sage, this is true knowledge."

Mastering this technique could really come in handy. I could stroll up to my dad and say, "Is it not true that I am your only son?" And my dad would have to say "How could it be otherwise, Matthew?" Then I could hit him with "And would you not also agree that, as your son, I should be given a car purchased entirely by yourself?" "You are quite right, wise Matthew!" The possibilities are endless! I could ask Rex, "Would you not agree that I should be given a full refund of all the tuition I have paid over the past

See "Wasted" p. 5

1. cutting in line
2. extra virgin olive oil
3. Sundance Film Festival
4. suede
5. free stuff
6. Good Samaritans
7. Honors 223R(2): "The Radical Joseph Smith"
8. guava jelly
9. Grabbers
10. Saran Wrap
11. homecooking
12. bullhorn protests at Kinko's
13. all utilities paid
14. Nivea lotion
15. chukka boots
16. transferring
17. 4WD
18. Martin Luther King Jr. Day
19. mission calls
20. Ren & Stimpy Marathon

Bottom Ten

being cut on in line, saving tables in the Cougar eat, seafoam taffeta, grad school applications, "How was your Christmas?" cold toilet seats, doing laundry, slush, Utah's "Human Rights Day," orthodontists

From the R. A. Handbook

In an continuing effort to inform our readers of the daily complexities in the life of a Resident Assistant, we bring you yet another excerpt from The Resident Assistant: Working with College Students in Residence Halls (Kendall/Hunt Publishing Co.):

"Another form of assertive confrontation is the *commitment confronted technique*. It emerges when a student has made a commitment for a certain type of behavior and then does not comply with the commitment. This may follow a discussion that you had earlier with the student about his behavior. Examples of this confrontation would follow a very similar format, as follows: (1) statement of the behavior observed, (2) statement of the student's commitment, (3) presentation of contradiction, (4) statement of how you feel, (5) statement of behavior you would like to see take place, and (6) statement of steps you will take. An example of this form of confrontation would be as follows;

'John, I observed you smoking marijuana in the floor lounge. The last time this took place, you gave me your word that it would not happen again. I do not understand why you gave me your word if you did not intend to follow through. I am angry that I cannot trust you and accept you at your word. I feel disappointed that you are unable to comply with your commitment. I would like you to get the marijuana out of the residence hall. I intend to discuss this situation with the hall director and to refer you for disciplinary action.'" Ⓢ

"Wasted" from p. 4

several years?" I could ask Ed McMahon "Good sir, would you not say that I really am the big TEN MILLION DOLLAR winner?" And, of course, I could have asked my TA, "Fair lady, would not you say that you should go out with me this weekend?"

Unfortunately, I was too busy daydreaming to figure out just how Socrates and all the other philosophers got people to give in like that. All I

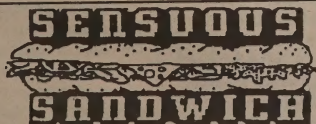
can really remember from the class is the "noble and virtuous" thing. In everything a person does, he or she should always be noble and virtuous, which I guess is a pretty good thing to remember.

With that in mind, I feel I should get something off my back. To my TA: I lied. It was me who put "Philosophy TAs" in the Top Twenty last semester. I'm sorry you had to find out this way. Ⓢ

"HFUN" from p. 4

you will find bathrooms with lights all around the mirrors, secret passageways leading under stages, and quiet places for meditation.

We have just scratched the surface on the possibilities that could be discovered in this amazing building. Don't rule out the possibilities of picnicking, making huge obstacle courses, or even spending the night (this last possibility could give rise to several logistical problems but the use of dark clothing, guerrilla tactics and careful planning could make it a night to remember). So enjoy your fun and don't come crying to us if you get busted! Ⓢ



BUY ONE & GET THE 2nd FOR...

HALF PRICE!

• Only with this coupon •
Call in your order, we'll have it ready!

377-9244
163 W. Center
PROVO

225-9475
by Fred Meyer
OREM

OFFER VALID WITH THIS AD ONLY
EXPIRES 2/15/92

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

Our employees will earn a salary of \$5,100 to \$6,800 and an additional \$3,000 to \$15,000 in commission pay.

THIS IS THE HIGHEST PAYING SUMMER JOB AVAILABLE TO COLLEGE STUDENTS

- | | |
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| - \$1,000 Monthly salary | - Highest commissions |
| - \$1,000 Attendance bonus | - 40 hour work week |
| - \$100 Saturday pay | - \$500 million company |

CMC Marketing Group

Call Todd at 374-2272 or Bill at 374-5323 for an interview.

(No applications accepted after February 28)



GO DO THIS.

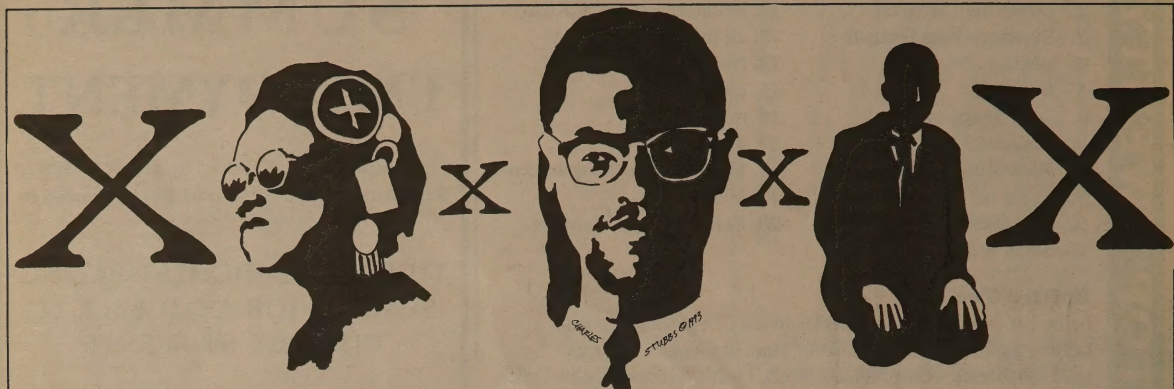
- A. Grab a friend and run down to the ROCK GARDEN.
- B. Put on a fun red harness.
- C. Tie into the nearest rope.
- D. Climb untill you are tired.
- E. Experience sudden realization "Hey this is fun, it's safe, there are a lot of beginners like me, and I can still climb even if it is snowing outside."
- F. Buy a month pass.
- G. Marvel at the fun you will have.
- H. Tell a close friend and repeat process.

DAY PASS: Now \$3 before 3 pm
Mon-Fri only.
OPEN: Mon - Fri noon - 10 pm
Sat 10 am - midnight.



22 S FREEDOM BLVD
PROVO
375-2388

Another Look at Malcolm X



by Ben Coverston
and Russell Fox

Who was Malcolm X? Who was this vague black runner who strikes fear into the hearts of some, and hope in others? The majority of the stories told about Malcolm X are either unkindly skewed or one-sided. Even with the commercial and critical success of Spike Lee's *Malcolm X*, the ideas of this electrifying civil rights leader still lay buried—and in real need of excavation. It is true that Malcolm was a "racist" who believed in separatism, and it is true that he advocated counter-violence against the oppression of a racist white culture. This is the Malcolm X most of us have been told about for 30 years. But Malcolm's influence is not exhausted, and there is much in the man that deserves thought and praise.

In the early 1940s, Malcolm Little was a pimp, a thief; after his conversion to the Brotherhood of Elijah Muhammed in prison, he became Malcolm X, the militant, the racist, the "religious fanatic." We cannot ignore the abusive phases of his life, but we must also recognize them as transitional. Malcolm, in leaving his life of crime and becoming perhaps the finest example of personal sacrifice and education that the urban disadvantaged have yet known, gained a greater appreciation of his surroundings. Then, when the time came, he left that all behind, too. But this last change, especially, is ignored. How many people in white-dominated American culture know who the man named El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz was? How many American History professors at BYU and UVCC would recognize that as the name Malcolm X adopted after his journey to Mecca? During that pilgrimage,

Malcolm abandoned the racist ideology of the Brotherhood he once dominated, and accepted that his past blanket denunciations of the white man were irresponsible. Most of our parents were alive when Malcolm returned from Mecca, and said in a press conference:

I no longer subscribe to racism. I have adjusted my thinking to the point that I believe whites are human beings (a long pause) as long as this is borne out in their attitudes towards Negroes. (Haley, 413)

Do your parents remember that the same way they remember Kennedy and King? At his return Malcolm began to develop a hope that instead of a separated society we could build a color-blind one. A far cry from what he said just months before, when he said the only thing he liked mixed was his coffee. Malcolm X simply woke up one day and looked at the world differently. He found what he perceived as the truth and embraced it. From the time of his pilgrimage to his death, we see a Malcolm that was changed and hurt by the truth he acquired.

Truth never killed anyone, though another's fear of the truth lead to Malcolm's murder. Malcolm's shift in perception led to his demise (literally) as a force in American politics, but it should also cause people to recognize him as a force to be reckoned with. Like other martyrs—Joseph Smith, John Brown, Abraham Lincoln—Malcolm was a complex figure, who held firmly to what he believed to be true even if that truth did not come easily or rest comfortably on the soul. Consider the last months of Malcolm's life: While the mainstream civil rights movement would not accept him because he was too militant, the militants rejected

him as too moderate. In this last period of his life, as Alex Haley stated again and again, Malcolm was struggling to join in the civil rights movement, to add his perspective as an angry Northern urban black to a movement led by the wealthy Southern black gentry. Malcolm's assassination ended this hope.

Malcolm died speaking what he saw as the truth, and that made him a hurt and confused individual. Twenty-five years later people may say he made mistakes. But he never lied, never was untrue. Everyone makes mistakes, and as long as our eyes are set on the truth, mistakes can serve to build a stronger individual. Malcolm was strong. Twice he left behind everything he believed, and achieved an even greater understanding of the world around him. If anything manifests the great things people can do—the profound transition one can experience through a simple change in perception—it is the life of Malcolm X. As members of an intellectual community, we should accept that Malcolm died as a role model. To understand him and his message requires an appreciation of just how painful the search for self can be. Is there anything more valuable than our personal search for truth? Malcolm's life shows everyone willing to learn from it, whether black or white, that nothing is of greater value. Nothing—not his comfortable life as a criminal, not the comfort and love and good work he'd found in the Brotherhood, was more important than his search for truth. He critically examined everything around him to such a point that two weeks before his death he said he honestly

See "X" p. 10

The Legacy of King

by Hubert Wiggins III

Race relations have been the most divisive and bitter issue in our country's history. To this day the issue of race divides our country into Black and White America. The chains and shackles of slavery still exist in America because Americans cannot live peacefully and respectfully with each other, thus imprisoning our creativity and wasting our strength. It is bad enough that many Americans can't look beyond skin color to see the good in all of us without struggle. America is trapped by the game called politics where the two major political parties exacerbate an already desperate situation by catering to one race especially, or playing one group against the other, alienating the excluded group and culture and causing division and rancor between blacks and whites.

Racism and bigotry exploded with an all-time fury during the turbulent 1950s and 1960s. Countless thousands spent their lives in the endless and exhaustive fight for freedom and equality. Instead of more arguing, fighting, and killing, we might now want to talk to each other, recognize our differences, and try to understand how we all feel.

In one of the presidential debates last fall, H. Ross Perot declared that "it is our cultural and ethnic differences that make us the great country we are." Somehow we have allowed our cultural differences to instead divide us as a people and as a nation. It is time for everyone to participate as citizens of the United States of America and sit down at the symbolic round table to try our best to resolve the racial tension in America before it totally gets out of hand (and the moral paralysis that handicapped us during racially-involved LA riots becomes typical). When we realize the great blessing it is to be an American, when we realize how we are wasting that blessing by waging this futile war of hatred and bigotry, we will better realize our individual worth, not only to our particular race but also to our country. Then can we all unite and propel our country to the plateau of greatness the Almighty God intended.

If there ever was a man who had a clear picture of the present state and real costs of racial injustice, and simultaneously had the vision of racial equality, it was Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. My first introduction to King was through grade school educational television. I was inspired by his eloquence and sheer mastery of the English language. He spoke with vigor and compassion about the plight of southern blacks, and their struggle to gain freedom and equality in America. As an African-American, his words moved me in later years to dedicate my life to the cause of justice for people of all races. It is my goal in life to do whatever I can to rid the world of the bitterness and division that exists between black and white people in this country. Dr. King taught us that civil rights was not just a war pitting deprived blacks against bigoted whites. This was a conflict of principle. It was a war of hatred versus justice, segregation versus freedom, right versus wrong. Dr. King taught me that as long as I worship a God of love and justice it is my duty to root out injustice in our society and band with the other freedom lovers in our world and fight until the victory is achieved.

See "King" p. 7

"King" from p. 6

In all of his speeches, Dr. King was remarkably able to articulate the facts of segregation and injustice in one sentence, and then articulate hope, justice, and equality in the next. It is frightening to think what shape America and the world would be in today had Martin Luther King not championed the cause of civil rights. He possessed the uncanny ability to say the right things at the

right time.

As conditions began to get out of control in the late 1950s and early 1960s, Dr. King began to hammer away at the grave injustices being perpetrated on the blacks of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and other southern states. White Southerners bent on interposition and nullification—that is, thwarting federal efforts to promote equality and annulling federal laws designed to

legislate it. At the same time, however, Dr. King urged his many followers to be patient despite the police dogs, water hoses, "whites only" signs, and even lynchings. Dr. King pleaded: "Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred."

Dr. King's vision was his greatest contribution to the civil rights movement. During his famous speech in Washington D.C. in 1963, standing symbolically in front of the Lincoln Memorial, he said: "I have a dream, that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood. I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of oppression, may be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice. I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama...little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers. I have a dream that one day my four

little children will be able to live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character."

The God of heaven and earth who created this country cannot be well pleased with our present state of race relations. If we are unable to overcome this battle individually, we can at least pray for leaders we trust, leaders who have been inspired by the example and born under the influence of men like Dr. King to lead us through the difficult times ahead.

Recently we have elected new, forward-thinking leaders for our state and our nation who show little sign of playing games with race politics, who could help us heal our divisions, if we support and encourage them. We could follow Mike Leavitt, a young man, shaped by a more modern Mormon era, in acknowledging the "blessings of God upon this state" and country and in striving to take our state to a "new level of performance" in the area of

race relations, as he said in his inaugural address two weeks ago. We can look to President Bill Clinton of Arkansas, also young, scholarly, and enthusiastic. Having spent his early years in the segregated south, Bill Clinton is qualified to address the problems of race in America. If we will open our eyes, minds, ears, and hearts, he can bring us together. He grew up in the region of this country that King both loved and most desired to change. King's presence rests on Clinton. He cares.

In the end, however, it is up to each of us in this country of promised liberty and opportunity to initiate the moral revolution that will result in that day when, according to the Book of Isaiah and reaffirmed by Dr. King in his "I have a dream" speech, "justice rolls down like waters and righteousness like a mighty stream."

"Hubie," an African-American, is recent convert to both Utah and the LDS Church.

THE TRUE COST



Juice-Paks, Golden Questions and Environmental Racism

by Jenae Dixon

Have you ever contemplated juice-paks? They first showed up about the fourth grade, remember? Pulling the shiny silver packets out of ordinary lunch bags, ooohs and ahs dominoed down the rows at the lunch tables, right? And May Kojowski asked you if you thought the kid got it from his uncle who was an astronaut?

Well, where did those juice-paks come from? Why are they here, and where are they going?

Chances are, they were made in a low-income area of the nation, in a non-Caucasian community—that's where they came from. As for why—well, juice-paks, plastic utensils, Styrofoam cups and other disposable products are here because we're too lazy to clean up after ourselves. Think of the last ward party you went to. Who wants to wash the dishes? So we just throw them away. At every ward party the plastic trash bag bulging. Where does it go? First to the street, then to the garbage truck, and finally to a landfill or incinerator, which is probably also located in a low-income, perhaps predominantly non-Caucasian area, too.

The placement of polluting industries is not indiscriminate. There is a markedly higher concentration of such establishments in African-American, Hispanic, American Indian and low-income communities. We call this environmental racism.

Here's the deal. You pay five dollars for disposable plates, utensils and cups. A factory in, say, Louisiana, makes them for you. The families living nearby get to pay for cancer treatment, lung disease, and the like. But at least we don't have to wash dishes.

Why are these sources of pollution pushed towards non-Caucasian areas, and why don't the people there shut them down? First of all, environmental reform happens in the political arena, and the groups affected generally lack effective representation in government. Meanwhile, wealthier classes actively push for placing the industry as far away from them as possible.

Also, the history of the United States reveals repression of African-Americans and other non-Caucasians in education. Less education means less knowledge of how to influence the system, as well as a generally lower-paying job, meaning less time for civic involvement and more energy spent on making ends meet.

Industries often mislead their host communities. Citizens are told the factory means more jobs, while health considerations are misrepresented. "Job blackmail" is common. Because employees are afraid being fired, they don't want to rock the boat by demanding better environmental standards either from the government or their employer. They're stuck.

Realize we perpetuate this cycle of environmental racism when shop unconsciously. These days, when you prepare for that ward party, it is vital to ask the "golden questions," get answers, and purchase accordingly.

PEDERSEN'S

S K I & S P O R T S



BIG HORN

Loaded with features, this is by far our hottest boot in stock. It's guaranteed waterproof for the life of the boot and it's comfort rated to -40° F. This boot features a self-cleaning sole and full grain leather upper with a space age reflective material that keeps cold out and heat in. Don't settle for the cheap imitation stuff and don't get caught in the snow—get the Sorel Big Horn.

Reg. \$130 **Now \$119⁹⁹**



Columbia Kodiak Anorak
Sportswear Company

Great Shell for Skiing and Snowboarding!

It's the perfect shell! The 100% peached nylon cloth shell means you stay warm and dry! It also features an adjustable drawcord at the waist, large capacity front pocket, adjustable hook and loop cuffs, and side zipper for easy on and off.

Reg. \$100⁰⁰ **Now \$69⁹⁹**



BURTON AIR 6.1

The Air 6.1 offers the serious boarder a freestyle more, tail kick, side cut and kick for all on-snow freestyle freeriding. A kickable sidekick nose for a true turning surface and the high glass finish for a cool look (and since you'll stick to it and you've got the heat—see BURTON AIR 6.1)

Now \$429⁹⁹

ROSSIGNOL SKI PACKAGE

SKIS ROSSIGNOL	1280 ⁰⁰
BOOTS NORDICA	195 ⁰⁰
BINDINGS MARKER	115 ⁰⁰
POLES SCOTT	25 ⁰⁰
MOUNTING	15 ⁰⁰

TOTAL VALUE 630⁰⁰

\$329⁹⁹

COMPLETE PACKAGE PRICE

Now \$429⁹⁹

SCOTT GOGGLES



\$14⁹⁹

Only

Morrow MP-65 Snowboard
with Morrow Bindings
Was \$400
NOW \$329⁹⁹

UNIVERSITY MALL • 225-3000

A Note on the Church's Recent Statement on Racism

by Bryan Waterman

Many BYU students barely remember the Church's policy barring blacks from the priesthood. But older members of our community have undoubtedly noticed a distinct shift in official statements about race. While past First Presidency statements went as far as defending "less-valiant-in-the-pre-existence" theories, the latest statement from Church headquarters was a call for acceptance. It reads:

"We reaffirm the long-standing concern of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for the well-being and intrinsic worth of all people. Latter-day Saints believe that 'God is no respecter of persons; But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him' (Acts 10:34-35). All men and women are children of God. It is morally wrong for any person or group to deny anyone his or her inalienable dignity on the tragic and abhorrent theory of racial or cultural superiority.

"We call upon all people everywhere to recommit themselves to the time-honored ideals of tolerance and mutual respect. We sincerely believe that as we acknowledge one another with consideration and compassion, we will discover that we can all peacefully coexist despite our deepest differences" (1992).

With many others, I rejoice that our leaders would endorse racial tolerance and decry racism of any form. However, I sometimes think that the leaders are far ahead of the masses. For example, I recently heard a woman in a Sunday School class claim that her brother had baptized a number of "Africans" in Italy, and had witnessed their skin lighten in color as they stepped from the font. When my wife raised her hand in protest, suggesting that God might not be so trivial, the teacher asked her if that meant she didn't believe that we would all be white in the Celestial Kingdom.

Why do such ideas persist? I believe that at least most European-American Mormons have white supremacist dogma planted in their minds in one or more of the following ways:

•**Church art:** Following a centuries-old Eurocentric tradition, many whites assume that everyone in the Bible and Book of Mormon looks just like they do. Contrary to paintings of buff, Nordic Book of Mormon men and women, any group of people to leave Jerusalem in 600 BC wouldn't have had white skin and blonde hair. That goes for our Viking portraits of Jesus, too. All these people probably had skin-tones and features a little more like today's Middle-Eastern cultures, not like the European converts often associated with Judaism.

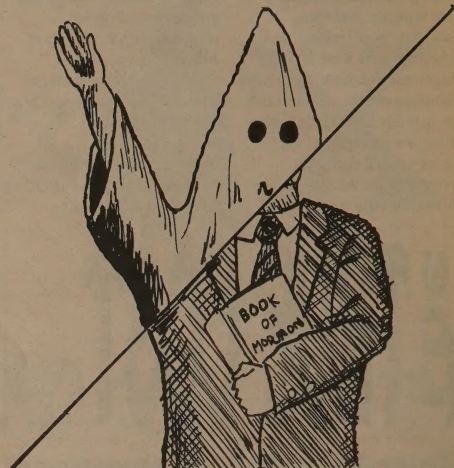
•**Scriptural curses:** Although Mormons weren't the first to believe in the curses of Ham and Cain, we are almost the last to give them up. Objective Biblical reading reveals next to none of the specifics many take for granted (such as Cain's skin color). Despite this absence of scriptural certainty, some perpetuate an oppressive tradition dating from the second century, used primarily to justify African slavery. When we read in Beowulf that the monster Grendel is descended from Cain, it isn't difficult to see what kind of traditions European Christians tapped into.

Early Mormon leaders were reared and indoctrinated with such racist ideas. Although the majority of the Christian world abandoned these concepts (at least in theory) around the turn of the century, our reverence for prophetic authority has caused us to retain them to the present. The irony lies in the fact that we have discarded many other teachings from these early leaders (God's progression in knowledge, or Brigham Young's notorious Adam-God doctrine). It seems we continue to believe only the ones we really want to.

But how do we answer the problems of scriptural curses in the Book of Mormon? We might begin by recognizing the inconsistency of Book of Mormon accounts. Why do some people receive skin changes, while others only place a red dot on their foreheads? Why do some people supposedly regain their "white" skin after re-conversion, while the most righteous "Lamanites" don't have such "luck"? What do the differences between Nephi's and Jacob's descriptions of Lamanites tell us? Why have some "white and delightful" passages been changed to "pure," and not others? What effect did the writers' perceptions have on the description? The translator's?

Joseph Smith believed that Lehi's family produced the entire Native American population, as well as the inhabitants of Polynesia. But later authorities such as Elder B. H. Roberts rejected such ideas on the grounds that one family could not have produced the number of languages and cultures that existed upon the European advent in the Americas. Why have we reverted to assuming that everyone with a decent suntan is a Lamanite?

•**The notion of a Caucasian God:** Because many Mormons commonly teach that everyone of non-white origin is the result of some deviance from



slices o' faith

"Once the motivation exists, it is not difficult for the inventive mind to manufacture racist doctrines for public consumption without invoking the shibboleths of the past. One of sin's snares is the temptation to elevate ourselves by debasing others, and, as with every other temptation to which our sinful natures are prone, once we surrender to its charms, all manner of harm can follow. Wittingly or unwittingly, we can become the servants of evil, Christian and biblical morality notwithstanding, and Christianity can sink back into the twilight world of gods and idols before Christians are aware of the fact."

—Alan Davies
Infected Christianity.

See "Racism" p. 11

On Being a Lamanite

by William Johnson

Because of my parents' iniquity and my disobedience in the pre-existence, I was born under a curse: I am dark and loathsome. I apologize if my color displeases you. I realize that God's is a house of uniformity from which the pigmented are turned away; however, if I behave myself, I can become *white* and delightful like most of you. Please overlook my fathers' skin.

Due to my innate stiffneckedness, I blindly follow the silly traditions of my ancestors, and I am incorrigibly bellicose. The animosity of my *race* resulted in fraternal genocide. I assume partial responsibility for my forerunners' atrocities, and offer apologies. Please overlook my fathers' sins.

I beg you to ignore my name. William Johnson is truly unfit for an *Indian*. Perhaps your expectations would be more fully consummated if I were christened Bill Stinking-weed. Not all of us are Running-wolves, Lone-oaks, Flaming-arrows, or Rolling-brooks. Please overlook my father's name.

I am ignorant of spiritual things. I often imagine gods who are no respecters of persons, who love all of their children equally and unconditionally. I dream of a God who judges me by my actions and intents, and not by the hue of my skin or by my *breeding*. Surely there must be an abundance of scriptural support for the preexistent performance ratings of which I hear so much, yet I fail to encounter it in my readings. Please overlook my ignorance.

I realize how discomfiting it must be for you to witness conflict between realities and your perceptions. I know that perceptions are hard to change. Shall I change reality for you?

The Torch

Cuban Cuisine

43 North University Ave. 374 - 0202
12 Noon to 11:00 p.m. Mon. - Sat.

All You Can Eat Buffet

Including Bottomless Drink and Salad Bar
Lunch \$4.99 Mon-Fri Dinner \$7.99

100 All Natural Flavors of

MILKSHAKES

Made with real fruit

Current Specials - 3 DAYS ONLY

LUNCH

Friday, Jan. 22 Monday, Jan 25
Tuesday, Jan 26
Plate of Black Beans, Rice,
and Salad Bar, with coupon:

\$1.99

We reserve the right to limit

DINNER

Friday, Jan. 22 Monday, Jan 25
Tuesday, Jan 26

All You Can Eat Buffet

BUY ONE

GET ONE FREE

We reserve the right to limit

There Are No Mean People in Heaven

by Mike Sponseller

Have you ever been sitting on those hard, uncomfortable benches with no backrests that are so thoughtfully supplied for the students at the BYU basketball games, and then longingly looked across the way at the "old folks section" with the nice seats and armrests?

I mean the student section is fine, but it seems that without fail the big guy in front of you insists on blocking your view by standing up and cheering every time we make a shot or get a rebound. Or there's always the person who feels every referee is the devil incarnate and seriously thinks the zebras can hear him screaming from the 57th row. Invariably, the guy that led his deacon's quorum basketball team to the stake championship feels his knowledge on the subject surpasses all others and thinks everyone in the range of his voice

would feel it an honor to listen to his wisdom.

So, one night my friend and I decided to forgo the camaraderie of the student section and venture across the way to the land of comfortable seats and the older crowd. Although we didn't have tickets for over there, we felt we owed it to ourselves to seek out and learn something we could see from afar but had not yet experienced. We casually proceeded down the stairs to the 1st row to sit next to President Lee and his family, but the blue-suited usher promptly directed us in the opposite direction. We walked a few rows up and sat in the 6th row, but the owners of the seats soon came and politely asked us to move. We rested into the 15th row mid-court, with a clear view of the video scoreboard and the court.

Just as the game began, a wife and husband made their way down our row and we figured we were destined to be ostracized to the student section, but instead they sat in the seats next to us and we enjoyed the rest of the game there. I immediately recognized that the gentleman was a General Authority, but

we didn't tell him we knew. He was Hartman Rector Jr. of the Quorum of the Seventy. We talked with him the whole game as if we were old high school buddies, and I decided he was one of the nicest people I've ever met. The way he casually talked and joked with us you might have thought he was our grandpa. Then I thought back to the memorable talk he gave in General Conference a few years ago. He was explaining the steps to get back to heaven, and he was listing all the basics. At the end of the list he said in his warm Southern drawl: "Perhaps there is one other thing we must do: We must be nice! I do not believe there will be anyone in the celestial kingdom that is not nice."

He's one person that lives what he says. It's comforting to know that people like him are at the head of the Church. I've already forgotten who we played that game and what the score was, but I won't soon forget the night we sat and enjoyed the company of this man ... across the way, in the land of comfortable seats and nice people.

Well, we're probably going to head back to the student section for the next game, but this time I'm going to try and take Elder Hartman Rector Jr.'s example to be nice and overlook some of the things people do that bug me. And hey guys, how about all of us students trying to be a little

nicer to each other. After all, there are no mean people in Heaven! ☺

News and Views

by Greg Schell

rise and shout . . .

—The *Uniforce* said nothing about it, but congrats to the basketball team for knocking off Oklahoma and Memphis State before falling to #1 Duke. All three of these teams are or were in the top ten at one time this season.

—Congrats to the women's volleyball team for advancing to the final eight of the NCAA Tournament before falling to two time national champion UCLA. A great season.

—Tom Young: A fabulous game considering the offensive line gave him no protection, the kicking game stunk, and the play selection by the coaches was highly questionable. What was that play in the third quarter? (Though it gave Tom as much time to throw as any other series did.)

—*USA Today* and ESPN for doing very positive stories on Shawn Bradley and the Church.

sit down and clam up . . .

—UTEP, New Mexico, and Utah. Enough said.

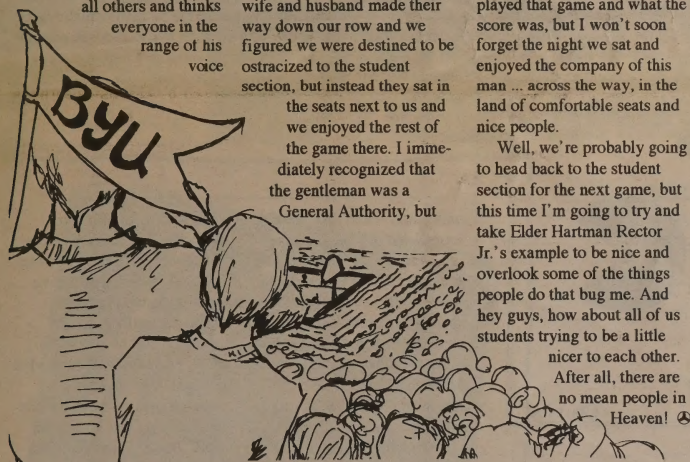
—ESPN will put two BYU hoop games on the tube this year. Both are at midnight eastern standard time. What's the point?

—The football team's intramural basketball team. You may think you're hot now, but wait until you meet Mike "the Glide" Sponseller and Greg "Hoop god" Schell.



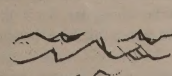
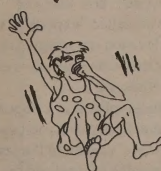
WHERE TO FIND THE REVIEW

At the Bottom of Maeser Hill, Near the Smith Field House, By the Botany Pond, By the French House, By and in Kinko's on 700E, Crest on 700E, Minuteman on 900E, Near Kent's Market, Near DT on 900E, Pegasus Music on 1230 N and University Mall, Ambassador Pizza, Harts on Canyon Road, The Pie Pizzaria, Universal Campus Credit Union, Graywhale CD, The Living Room, Atticus Books, Café Haven, Carousel, Food-4-Less, ShopKo, Albertson's, Smith's, Johnny B's, Allen Fraser, Sounds Easy, The Underground, Crandall Audio, Import Auto, The Torch, and TaylorMaid Beauty Supply



YOU TOO CAN JOIN THE REVIEW

COME TO OUR WEEKLY TUESDAY MEETING, 6PM IN 321 MSRB



Flavors of the Week: Just What the Doctor Ordered

Dada - Puzzle (I.R.S.)

A dozen pictorial pop gems cleverly speckled with multi-genre twinges. Familiar to most for their "Dizz Knee Land" single, the group sounds like an educated Too Much Joy—on acid.

Suicidal Tendencies - The Art of Rebellion (Columbia)

Punchy, soulful, and desperate, Suicidal Tendencies continue to embrace moral values that betray their name while ever expanding their musical horizons.

Ween - Pure Guava (Elektra)
Dean and Gene Ween cross Thee Might Be Giants and Butthole Surfers to get humorous yet disturbing yet accessible songs, none of them sounding alike.

Flop - Flop and the Fall of the Mopsqueezer (Frontier)

An album chock full of rich, crunchy guitar-pop, laced with a beautiful hint of sadness ("threw a stone into the bottomless sea/and tied to it was the hope that you're coming back to me").

Devo - Live: The Mongoloid Years (Rykodisc)

Here are some of Devo's early shows that somehow excited corporate moguls into offering them record contracts while annoying some crowds right out the door. There will only be one Devo, so get as much of them as you can.

Oomalama Is Pure Genius

reviewed by Dave Seiter

Hailing from Glasgow, which has been dubbed the Seattle of the U.K., Eugenius makes its American major-label debut for Atlantic with Oomalama. Called Captain America until recently, Eugenius was forced by Marvel Comics to change their name due to a trademark dispute. Eugenius acquired a few notable feathers in their cap as Captain America, however, including two Top Five spots on the indie charts and opening privileges on

Nirvana's '92 European tour (who, incidentally, often cover a tune by The Vaselines—the band Eugene Kelly fronted before forming Captain America/Eugenius).

However, it takes more than an impressive pedigree to breed prize winners. And even if such weren't the case, blue ribbons don't guarantee stain-free carpets. Musically, Oomalama plays like a locomotive churning through the flat mid-western plains on its way to the California gold rush. As the rhythm section pumps

solid and steady, the lead strings step up and to the left a notch, adding color to drive away the drone. Once in a while, the metronome winds down and Mr. Kelly lets a little softness filter through.

While clinging to a stripped-down, simplified approach to songwriting that has proven to be their meat and potatoes, Eugenius offers a few token, yet buried, twists while staying close to the beaten path. This is definitive power pop. ☺

Columbia Music: Not a Rough Trade

by S. Nibley Cannon

Rough Trade was one of London's premier independent labels (the original home of the Smiths, if I must drop names). In 1991 they went bankrupt, leaving their acts out in the cold. Some bands, such as Two Nice Girls, subsequently dissolved. But for some, such as the Boo Radleys and Shelleyan Orphan, it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Both bands were snatched up by Columbia Records at the time of the demise. Now they have the corporate backing that it sometimes takes to make a good thing known to the public. And good things they are...

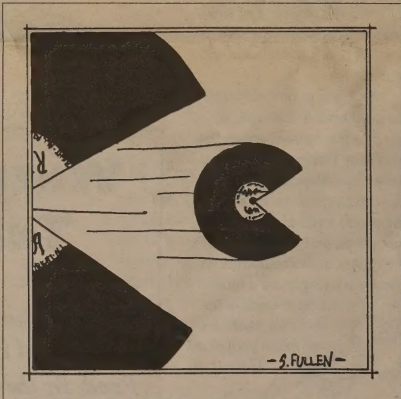
The Boo Radleys - Everything's Alright Forever (Columbia)

This London quartet make songs that are somehow instantly familiar. Fuzzy guitars are underscored by clean bass and percussion, and coated over with Martin's dreamy, effortless vocals. The result is a sound that soothes like a hot, steamy bath. And that's Everything's Alright Forever—not a composite of hit singles, but one lasting high.

Shelleyan Orphan - Humroot (Columbia)

Since their debut effort, Helleborine, and their 1989 release (the first on

Columbia) Century Flower, Shelleyan Orphan have had their sublime moments. Now they offer the complete package with their latest album, Humroot. The singer/songwriter team of Caroline Crawley and Jemaury Tayle weaves romantic, pastoral worlds with their blissful voices and pop orchestra. The music puts you into a halfsleep and soon the lyrics begin to oddly make sense, just like a dream. And this is exactly where Shelleyan Orphan want to take you: to happy memories, whether they be real or imaginary. As Tayle puts it, Humroot owes its name to "either an exotic plant which reacts with your third eye to produce marvelous visions or more truthfully, a dog we had when I was little. Take your pick." ☺



"X" from p. 6

couldn't put a finger on exactly what he believed.

I wonder how many of these so-called "experts" I see on television (or writing for *The Daily Universe*) have ever read Malcolm's autobiography. It is a tragedy that practically every televised debate we've seen in the last few months has insisted on, for the sake sensationalism, concentrating on the Malcolm who scared white society into believing that blacks would rise up and exterminate the human race. This impression is the wrong one, for it ignores the man's full contributions.

Malcolm X is what you make of him. If your friends tell you that Malcolm was a drug pusher they are right, but

only partly—and that "part" is formed out of your friend's ignorance or self-interest. The same if they tell you Malcolm was a racist, or a fanatic. The saga of Malcolm X teaches about growth and change, plus all he said that was wise about blacks and whites, responsibility and solidarity, faith and God.

We challenge you to dig deeper than the surface: find out who El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz was. Read the autobiography. The final three chapters of that book go from racist accusations to a dynamic, yet realistic, message of hope. Nothing manifests this transformation as well as Malcolm's own words just two days before his assassination. Alex Haley wrote:

He had been a criminal, an addict, a pimp and a prisoner; a racist and a hater, he had really believed the white man was the devil. But all that had changed. Two days before his death, in commenting to Gordon Parks about his past life he said: "That was a mad scene. The sickness and madness of those days! I'm glad to be free of them." (Haley, 459)

In the world of Islam, Malcolm X is a martyr. Here in Provo, where most of us feel relatively rich, conservative western American homes shape our outlook, he is a curiosity. But he should be more. Malcolm's story is what inspired Alex Haley to research his own past, and the result of that was his classic work, *Roots*. What could we learn about the plight of African-Americans, and strength it takes to change, if we would only take Malcolm X seriously? We have to be careful in judgement when we look at Malcolm. How can we know the deep feelings and attitudes of man who lived one-third of his life in poverty and crime and addiction, another third in prison, another third as a militant black leader—with one final change, to reach out to other civil rights leaders and the truth they had? In these days of racial conflict and hate crime, we have to give this person a fair chance. Read the book and see the movie, and learn who Malcolm X really was.

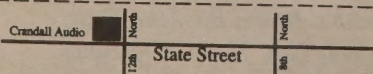
Quotes from The Autobiography of Malcolm X, by Alex Haley, 1965. ☺



1202 N. State, Orem
226-8737
Mon-Fri 10-9, Sat 10-8

Buy One Disc at our Regular Low Price
and get **\$2.00 Off**
any Second CD with Coupon Only

Not valid with any other promotional offer
Offer valid with this ad only - Expires 2/28/93



"Racism" from p. 8

God's laws, we have led ourselves to believe that the gods themselves have white skin. Can this be much more than an extreme case of creating deity in our own image? Can we not escape our anthropomorphic concepts long enough to consider the possibility that God's genetic make-up has no connection to our mortal compositions? Why must God be a member of any earthly race?

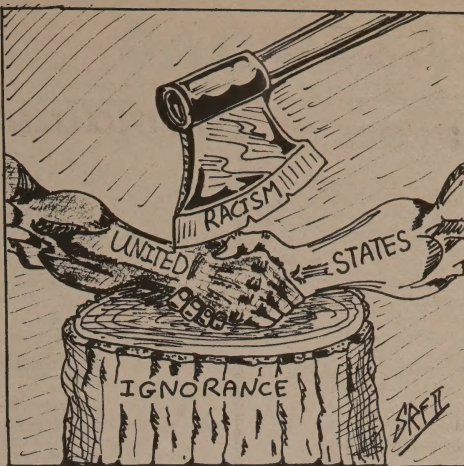
•*Ethnocentric religious worship:* The concepts above lead us to inadvertently enforce Mountain-Western religious traditions on the rest of the world. If God created all people and loves them equally, why would African-American gospel music be any

less pleasing than "I Heard Him Come?" Why would the traditions of any culture be unacceptable? (When Jesus and his apostles sang a hymn the evening before his arrest, it certainly wasn't written using our eight-note scale). I know members of other world-wide religious organizations who rejoice in the opportunity to travel the world and witness their religion in the expressions of other cultures. Why do the LDS, then, insist on taking pleasure in finding the Church the same, no matter where we go?

•*The persistence of racist dogma:* The 1978 priesthood revelation should have put an end to racist justifications for the policy. And although Bruce R. McConkie relinquished his position as one of the great

defenders of such doctrines, asking us to forget everything he said about the subject, many continue to teach and believe harmful ideas. If Brother McConkie asked us to accept his apology, why does Bookcraft continue to publish *Mormon Doctrine* with the watered-down, yet still offensive material?


I do not have answers for most of these questions, but they haunt me, every time I hear a thoughtless comment in Sunday School, or the persistent dogmatism of an occasional religion professor. I believe that we are capable of searching for resolutions to these problems—resolutions that will relieve God of the responsibility of any racism, no matter how benevolent. ☺



"Sundance" from p. 3


screenings will be at various movie houses in Park City and cost \$6.00. There will also be a few showings in Salt Lake. Booklets with show times, reviews of each film, and other information are available at many local stores, including Pegasus Music and Video.

With the typical dearth of cultural events in Utah County (especially ones as enjoyable as this), you'd be cheating yourself by letting such an opportunity pass you by. Get out of Provo. Go to the Sundance Film Festival. ☺

**If You've Got \$7,
We've Got The Cure.**

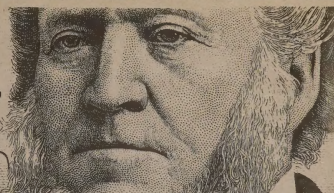
Eight bucks and ninety nine cents for used CDs.
Up to seven bucks credit for trade-ins.
A healthy way to get rid of something you're sick of. 1774 N. University Parkway.

Graywhale  **CD Exchange**

© 1992 Penny Powers Cutting & Haynes

**"You can either
go to Provo
or to Hell."**

Brigham Young



**Golf in 72°
weather without
flying south!**

- ▼ 18 Hole Indoor Miniature Golf
- ▼ 17 Hoop Shoot-A-Round
Basketball
- ▼ Valley's Largest Arcade
- ▼ Birthday Parties

**TRAFALGA
FAMILY FUN CENTER**

168 South 1200 West, Orem, UT • 224-6000

If you would like something in the calendar call Rebecca at 370-3223.

THEATRE

Dec. 8 - Feb. 22, "The Star Spangled Girl," Hale Center Theatre Orem, 226-8600.

Dec. 28 - Feb. 15, "The Nerd," Hale Center Theatre SLC, 484-9257.

Jan. 7-23, "Hamlet," Theatre Works West, 583-6520.

Jan. 16 - March 15, "Flash Gordon Conquers the Planet of Evil," City Rep, 532-6000.

Jan. 16, 18, 23, "My Turn on Earth," 7:30 pm, Bryant Intermediate School, 400 S. E. SLC, 534-7517.

Jan. 21-23, 26-30, "Mother Hicks," 7:30 pm, Pardoe Theatre, BYU Campus, 378-7447.

Fridays and Saturdays, "The Garrens" Comedy Troupe, 7:30 pm, 321 ELWC, BYU Campus, \$1.00. Admission is free on Jan. 22 & 23.

THEATRE GUIDE

Babcock Theatre, 300 S. University, SLC. Tickets: \$81-6961.

City Rep, 638 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: \$32-6000.

Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City. Tickets: 649-9371.

Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main, SLC. Tickets: 484-9257.

Orem Hale Center Theatre, 225 W. 400 N. Tickets: 226-8600.

Pioneer Theatre Company, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC. Tickets: 581-6961.

Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC. Tickets: 364-5696.

Provo Town Square Theatre, 100 N. 100 W., Provo. Theater: 375-7300.

Salt Lake Acting Company, 500 N. 168 W., SLC. Tickets: 363-0525.

MUSIC

Jan. 16, 18, 20, 22, matinee Jan. 24, Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," Utah Opera, call 355-ARTS.

Jan. 20, "Madama Butterfly" live on Classical 89 FM, 7:30 pm.

Jan. 20, "An Evening of Jazz" with Paul Ellingson, piano, 7:30 pm, Assembly Hall on Temple Square.

Jan. 21, Faculty Double Bass-Piano Recital, 7:30 pm, Main Recital Hall, BYU Campus. Free.

Jan. 22, Claire Bush, harpsichord, 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU Campus.

Jan. 22 & 23, "An Evening in Vienna" with the Salt Lake Symphony, 7:30 pm, Assembly Hall, Temple Square.

bly Hall, Temple Square. Jan. 23, Utah Symphony Benefit Concert with Peter Schickele, 8 pm, Symphony Hall.

Tuesdays, Rich Dixon-jazz and improv, 8pm., Pier 54 Provo.

Wednesdays, Dr. Haji and the Blues Bandits and open jam, 8pm., Pier 54 Provo.

Wednesdays, opera on Classical 89 FM, 7 pm.

Black Awareness Week-January 18-23

Monday, 6 pm, candle-light vigil outside the ASB.

Wednesday, fashion show, 7-9 pm, Memorial Lounge. \$1.

Friday, talent show, 7-9 pm, ELWC Ballroom. \$1.

Friday, dance, 9 pm - 2 am, ELWC Ballroom.

Saturday night, dance, ELWC Ballroom. \$2.

Thursdays, Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsals, 8:00-9:30 p.m.

Sundays, Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word," Temple Square, from 9:30-10:00 a.m. Please be seated by 9:15 a.m.

Dead Goat Saloon, Live music, 165 S. West Temple, SLC, 328-GOAT.

Zephyr, live shows nightly, 301 S. West Temple, 355-CLUB.

CINEMA GUIDE

Movies 8 Call 375-5667 for current listings and show times. Only \$1.50 on weekends.

Villa Theatre 254 S. Main, Springville, 489-3088. \$1

Academy Theatre, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.

Avalon Theatre, 3605 S. State, SLC, 226-0258.

Carillon Square Theatres, 224-5112.

Throughout the week: Display in the ELWC Garden Court.

Panel discussions, 11 am, Memorial Lounge, ELWC.

Tues. "Being Black in Utah: Issues and Concerns."

Wed. "Being Black and LDS: 1978 and Beyond."

Thurs. "Racism: Does it Exist in Utah?"

Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.

International Cinema, BYU Campus, 378-5751.

Mann Central Square Theatre, 374-6061.

Scera Theatre, 745 S. State, Orem, 235-2560.

Tower Theatre, 875 E. 900 S. SLC, 359-9234.

Varsity Theatre, BYU campus, 378-3311.

Underground Images Films, every Wednesday, 8

pm, 1170 Talmage Building, BYU.

Jan. 22, Republic of China Chinese Movie Night, 6-10 pm, 321 ELWC, BYU Campus.

Jan. 22-30, Sundance Film Festival, Park City, call 225-4107.

OTHER

Jan. 1-31, "Things I Said When You Weren't Looking", art by Shilo Rivers, BYU Student, Cafe Haven, 1605 S. State, Orem, call 221-9910.

Jan. 20, 10th Annual Harman Lecture, Susan Easton Black on the "Spirit of Elijah," 10:30 am, Harman Bldg Auditorium, BYU.

Jan. 20, Douglas E. Brinley will discuss doctrinal contributions to Family Science, 7:30, ELWC Ballroom, BYU.

Jan. 21, Habitat for Humanity Utah County General Meeting, 7:00 pm, Evangelical Free Church, Orem (across from Orem High), call 371-4368.

Jan. 4 - 22, Robert Marshall exhibit, BYU Gallery 303, HFAC, BYU.

Jan. 4 - 22, sculpture installation by BYU Faculty Artist Brent Gehring, Larsen Gallery, HFAC, BYU.

BYU Chess Club Meetings, Wednesday nights 6:30 - 10 pm, 314 Law Building.

KHQH Radio and Krishna Temple open house every Sunday at 8 pm. Includes mantra meditation, films, and a vegetarian feast. Call 789-3559 for directions to the temple in Spanish Fork.

Monday night poetry, 7-8 pm, at Cafe Haven, 1605 S. State Orem.

Massages, full body, full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.

Geneva Steel Plant Tours, MTUWF at 9:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m., 227-9240.

Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include Laser Beatles, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laserlight IV and Laser Floyd. Info 538-2098.

Readings of local women writers, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.

Every 2nd and 4th Sunday, Family History Center Classes, HBLL Library, BYU.

JANUARY is eye health care month. For an info packet call 355-7477.

CHILDREN Mondays, The Complete Works of Winnie the Pooh, 6:30 pm, Classical 89 FM.

Tues., Wed., Thurs. Story Hour, 10am. and 11am. Provo Library, age 3-4.

How to purchase the perfect PC

by AAA Computer Wholesalers of Provo

There are only four issues of concern. 1) You should insist on IBM compatibility. 2) You should purchase the latest available technology. 3) Be sure that the PC you buy is reliable and readily maintainable. 4) For heaven's sake, don't spend any more than you have to.

IBM Compatibility But not necessarily IBM

It may be surprising, but IBM is no longer king of the hill; they just continue to charge the most. So who builds the best nowadays? Compaq? NEC? Hewlett-Packard? There are actually dozens of "name brands," not to mention the hundreds of "clones" or "no-name" systems available from everyone from R. C. Wiley to your roommate's girl-friend's brother-in-law. Would you believe they're all about the same? Except that the name brands are frequently more costly, both to purchase and later on to upgrade and maintain.

The name brand manufacturers have a tendency to build in proprietary features which by the time they reach the market give no advantage (this is a fast moving crowd). Proprietary features frequently mean incompatibility with after-market upgrades and add-ons, and almost always require that repairs be made at the factory or at one of their expensive and generally out-of-town service centers.

But if you purchase a no-name clone aren't you in danger of getting a lemon?

Here are some facts you should know. All PCs (desk-top models, at least) are made up of the same industry-standard subsystems: The display, the keyboard, disk drives (floppy and hard) the motherboard (the brain of the thing), various add-in boards (which plug into the motherboard), a power supply and cabinet.

• **Display:** There are many brands and models available. Virtually all are industry-standard, and as such are interchangeable (except for certain name-brand clones), but some models have greater capability than others. Watch out!

• **Keyboards:** Again, there are many compatible brands.

• **Disk Drives:** There are two sizes of floppy (5.25" and 3.5") for exchanging data, and a hard drive (a must nowadays). The same name-brand drives are used by virtually every PC maker, including IBM.

• **Motherboard:** (This is the "Intel Inside" part (a 386 or 486 microprocessor chip these days), main memory (probably about 4 megabytes of RAM), and a bunch of "glue" logic (miscellaneous chips that facilitate such features as the day-date-and-alarms timer). The board may be made in Taiwan, but its components are name-brand again.)

• **Add-In Boards:** Usually a display controller board and a combo disk controller, printer port, and dual serial port boards. Once again, these parts are industry-standard and interchangeable between PC brands. But be sure your vendor confirms your system with versions having high enough performance. They vary. And no matter how good your motherboard is, the add-in boards you select can seriously affect your overall system performance.

• **Power Supply and Cabinet:** These usually are bundled together. They don't cost much, and you can bias toward small and space-saving or larger and more expandable. You can also choose between horizontal (put the display on top of it) or vertical (put it next to your desk).

Remember, IBM PCs, name-brand PC clones, and no-name PC compatibles are all essentially the same inside (except for those sneaky name-brand clones that trap you into having to go their way forever after). They're all compatible. They look alike, feel the same, and run exactly the same software and get the same results.

The Latest Technology What does that mean?

By technology, we are referring basically to three aspects. The model and speed of the main microprocessor chip, the quality and resolution of the display, the capacity of the disks, and the size of the main memory (or RAM).

The Main Microprocessor. The original IBM PC and IBM PC-XT (cons ago—like back in the early '80s) used an 8-bit Intel 8088 chip. Then came the PC-AT (mid 1980s). It used a 16-bit 80286, also by Intel, and was several times faster than the 8088.

Next in line (later in the '80s) came the 32-bit 386 machines (using the 80386DX chip), and then the so-called 386SX (the SX suffix denoting use of a 32-bit 80386 with only a 16-bit memory interface—cheaper, but slower). These processors sped

along at 10 to 20 times the speed of the original PCs.

The PC for the early to mid '90s is the 32-bit 486 (using the Intel 80486 chip—what else?). It's shopping 25 to 60 times faster than the original PC.

The 80486DX has an on-chip hardware floating-point coprocessor; a function which required an extra chip (the 80287/587) for the earlier model PCs. This latter feature has special significance to those doing scientific computing and CAD work.

There is also an 80486SX chip. This time the SX suffix means something altogether different. With the 80386 the SX suffix indicated a half-wide memory data path. With the 80486 the SX indicates the absence of the 486DX's on-chip floating-point coprocessor. Crazy!

The 80486SX is still significantly faster than the now-odd 80386DX in that a number of the more common functions have been optimized. That's special "insider" knowledge. Try it out on some of your more obnoxious tech-weenie friends. It's still confusing to a lot of them.

One last point, relative to the main microprocessor chips. They come in different speeds, within any given model. These speeds are measured in megahertz, meaning millions-of-cycles-per-second. The faster the better. Today's typical speed is 33 MHz (the speed being designated by a suffix, such as an 80386DX-33).

You can get 486s rated up to 66 MHz, but they play a little trick in order to get up that high. The internals of the chip run at 66 MHz, while the off-chip signals are reduced to just half that rate (33 MHz again). An 80486 of this ilk would be numbered 80486DX2-66. Someday will have true 66 MHz processors, but they'll probably glow in the dark. Better not get too close, unless you've wearing a lead apron.

The Display Quality. The original PCs had pretty poor display quality (blocky-looking black-and-white-only characters, and no graphics).

Today, however, you should settle for nothing less than SuperVGA color (that's up to 1024x768 picture elements, as opposed to the previous generations' 640x480, and up to 256 color hues, as opposed to the earlier 16). And if/it cost less than what the lower quality did just two years ago.

Note that the display quality is dependent on two components: the display tube itself, and the display controller add-in board. Both must

be SuperVGA-compatible!

A further note regarding the tube. Most everyone will try to tell you what's called an *interlaced* display. But for just a few bucks more you can specify a non-interlaced display. The resolution is the same, but it's much easier on the eye balls (in case your planning to stare at it much) and the general clarity is also superior.

The Disk Drives. First consider the floppy drives (the 3.5" and the 5.25" ones). The 3.5" drives are sort of old-fashioned now (the disks have open windows, making them overly susceptible to peanut butter and/or jam), but unfortunately a lot of software is still distributed on them. Better have one of these drives installed, just to be safe.

The 3.5" drives are fast becoming the industry standard. They hold more data (up to 2.88 million characters, or bytes), they're more reliable (they have little shutters over their windows), and aren't actually floppy anymore (since their plastic sleeve is somewhat rigid). Of course, you'll want one of these drives as well.

Hard drives are quite different animals. They differ from floppies in that they do not have removable media, they are much faster, and they hold much more data (anywhere from 40 million to a couple of billion bytes).

These days you should plan on getting at least an 80-megabyte hard drive (i.e., 80 million bytes), and you may want to consider 120 to 200 MB.

Main Memory (or RAM). RAM stands for random access memory, and designates semiconductor storage (i.e., in tiny multi-legged packages soldered onto little printed circuit boards) as opposed to magnetic storage (on mechanically rotating disks). RAM is way faster than disk. The main microprocessor can access a byte of data in RAM in less than 100 billionths of a second. Disks just can't be made to spin that fast.

Just ten years ago, the IBM PC-XT came standard with 128KB (128 thousand bytes) of RAM, and maxed out at 256KB. And the XT was the new-and-improved model back then.

Today you'll want no less than a megabyte of RAM, and at least 4MB if you're planning to run Microsoft Windows (the latest, greatest graphical user interface software). The good news is that you can now buy that 4MB for about a fourth the cost of what the 128KB would have cost you 10 years ago.

Reliability

It's not if it will ever break, but what to do when it does?

Today's PCs are more reliable than ever, and the no-name compatibles (being fabricated from the exact same name-brand components as are their name-brand competitors) are in no way inferior.

But when the time comes that you do experience a problem, or more likely, that you should want to add-on to or upgrade your system, there are dozens of local dealers and service centers to turn to. They all carry compatible components, and can repair virtually any PC (with the exception of those old, those name-brand clones we warned you about).

The cost? Usually minimal! Repair is generally by subsystem replacement (frequently with an upgraded part). And almost any similar beep can pry open the lid and replace a lunch can of beer, a dead memory module, or a forgotten disk drive.

How Much to Spend and Where to Shop

If you buy more system than you need, you're wasting your money. And if you buy too low, or settle for last year's technology, you'll find that your purchase is slight for PAF, but not for WordPerfect.

Or should you fall prey to a slick name-brand pusher just remember that like the best insurance salesman, these guys are raised with motto: "If you can't sell features, sell fear."

The wise approach would be to seek out some competent needs. The kind of people who would try to say it all in a single one-page ad in the Student Review. The kind of people who operate their business out of a single office with no reserved parking. The kind of people who know that you want your Christmas money go for the goods and not for the glitz.

Call AAA Computer Wholesalers today (or at least this week) and make an appointment with them. Tell them what it is you want a computer for. Ask them a lot of questions. Then take their advice.

AAA

Computer Wholesalers

Old Provo Library Plaza

15 North East, Suite 104

Provo, UT 84606

377-44AA

Visa, MasterCard, American Express, or purchase by monthly installments.

More than 10 years in the computer business.